

# Good Morning 232

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



## A.B. James Southern—

IT was the night they celebrated your 21st birthday, A.B. James Southern, back home in Manchester, that Tibs, the cat with the glittering eyes and the distrustful expression, joined your family.

Although he's more white than black—and his purrs change to bristling contempt when such strangers as reporters and cameramen are around!—this doesn't mean that the proverbial good luck of his tribe will not be visited upon those he loves.

For the fact is that his haughty and disdainful attitude towards the Gentlemen of the Press is replaced by a deep and trusting love for his mistress, your mother.

Tibs, defiantly arching his back, stared blatantly at the photographer who took his picture, though a more gentle, understanding soul never lived! But purred a song of love to his mistress.

However, his noble countenance or the strange tale of how he joined the Southern you know not, so this is the story from the beginning.

On Sept. 2nd, this year, your folk decided to celebrate your coming-of-age, and, bearing down upon the Horseshoe Inn just around the corner from your home, took possession of one of the rooms set aside for them by Mine Host, and set about the business of "toasting the absent friend."

Mr. Henry Southern, your father, conducted the ceremony. He made the principal speech—all in your honour, of course.

And he ended thus: "... But I wish Jim were here to help celebrate his own birthday. Perhaps it won't be long before he's home again. ..."

Then the other guests—your Aunt Edie and Uncle Jim, Aunt Alice and Uncle Walter, Aunt Janie and Uncle Joe, and cousins Mary, Gertrude and Jack—all gave their contributions to the speech-making.

And finally, leaving the warm fireside of Mine Host of the Horseshoe Inn, and bidding each other good-night in the dark crispness of a September evening, they turned their footsteps homewards.

Your mother told us, when we interviewed her, that it was the persistent and rather dismal scratching at the front door in Rupert Street, Clayton Bridge, when they reached the gate that night, that first drew their attention to Tibs.

The tom-cat seemed lonely and dispirited and ill-at-ease.

## Mother and Tibs are here

He had none of the bold badness which developed later.

So, because it seemed an obvious omen of good luck for Tibs, the wandering vagabond of no fixed abode, to ask admission of your mother and father, then complete strangers, on the very night of your birthday, they took him into the house. And he has been there ever since.

All's well at home, James, and all send you their fondest love. Good hunting!

## KARNT YEW SPEL?

J. M. MICHAELSON

### TELS YEW

PROF. DANIEL JONES, the authority on phonetics, recently astonished an audience by saying that, according to current English practice, the word "fish" could be spelt "ghoti."

He worked it out like this: "Gh," as in "rough," gives the sound "f." "O," as in "women," gives the sound of "i," and "ti" in "nation" is sounded like "sh."

This amusing instance of the eccentricity of the spelling of English was not, of course, meant seriously. But the oddities of our language which result in the "ough" in rough, plough, through and thorough all being sounded differently, have given rise to serious attempts at reform. So far, few reformers have agreed on what should be done.

The scheme of which Professor Jones was speaking makes it possible to write English phonetically, that is to say, as it is pronounced, with an alphabet of 30 letters—20 consonants and six vowels.

There are other reformers who contend that not less than 42 new letters—24 consonants and 18 vowels—would be adequate.

The late Henry Sweet devised a new alphabet designed for phonetic spelling, completely abandoning our present letters, which are a "museum" of the

past, relics of the days when men wrote in pictures.

Single strokes represented the sounds of p, t, k, ch, b, d, g (hard), j, m, n, ng and ni, and the rest of the consonants were made up of our signs for e, l, c and o. He represented i with a wavy line, and for vowels he used curves and circles.

This, of course, is "short-hand" as well as reformed spelling, but that is the line that many reformers now take. They argue that not only do we need new spelling to simplify the task of learning to read, but also to save a vast amount of labour in writing and printing.

English requires almost 1½ letters, on an average, to write one sound. The amount of time, labour, paper and ink wasted by writing such words as "through" in the course of a year can only be guessed.

The Americans, of course, have their own "reformed" spelling with "honor" for "honour," and so on. Altogether, there are about 200 of these shortened spellings. But the argument put forward against this is that we read, not so much by taking in each letter in a word, as seeing its "shape," and that, since we do not instantly recognise its

## THIS WEEK, STUART MARTIN TALKS OF "THE PERFECT CRIME"

TWICE in the summer of 1934 Brighton smelled of murder. Both were trunk crimes. The first was "the perfect" crime.

Brighton, as usual, was filled with holiday-makers, day-trippers, tourists, that season. The beaches were packed with sun-bathers, paddlers, swimmers, on June 6th. It was Derby Day.

Brighton Central railway station is generally crowded any day in June in any year. Derby Day added its quota; and during the rush hours a man deposited at the Left Luggage Office a trunk, locked securely.

It was a brand-new trunk, of a cheap quality, and could be carried by hand; all correct with handle and snap catches.

On Sunday, June 17th, one of the night attendants at the office was conscious of a very bad odour in the stacks of luggage. The odour was traced to the trunk.

THE attendant at Brighton Left Luggage Office decided to call in the police. When the police arrived the trunk was conveyed to the local police headquarters, and there the lock was broken and the lid thrown up.

There was no tray in the trunk, but there was the torso of a woman, no legs or arms, just the torso—and no head either. The gruesome thing was wrapped in brown paper and tied up with window cord.

The police surgeon was called. He gave it as his opinion that the dismembering had been done by a person who might have had superficial anatomical knowledge, but no great skill. There was no wound on the torso, except where the dismembering had taken place, and it was estimated that the woman had died about three weeks previously.

The police found on the brown paper wrapping the word, or part of a word, "ford," written in blue pencil. That was the only clue that at first presented itself. It was murder, of course.

Where were the legs, arms and head of the victim of the crime? It was argued, logically and clearly, that they were probably disposed of in the same way as the torso. Flash went a message to every railway Left Luggage Office in Britain for attendants to examine suspicious packages.

Meanwhile, the Brighton Chief Constable, Captain Hutchinson, issued a description of the dead woman, supplied to him by the police surgeon, Dr. A. J. Pallen. The age of the woman was given as "about forty," height 5ft. 2in., well nourished, with no distinguishing marks or scars.

And then, swiftly, unex-

pectedly, came the reply to the check-up in Left Luggage Offices. It came from King's Cross railway station, London.

A hand trunk there, similar to the one in Brighton, came under suspicion. It had been left at King's Cross, No. 10 platform, about 1.30 p.m. on the day after the Brighton trunk was deposited.

The police found in this case two human legs, from which the feet had been cut off, but the feet were in separate paper parcels, and the legs, too, were carefully wrapped in paper.

Sir Bernard Spilsbury, expert pathologist, hurried to both discoveries. The legs of King's Cross were belonging to the body of Brighton. But the age of the victim, he held, was under thirty years, not forty. Also, he divulged a fact that struck people with horror. The young woman had been in the fifth month of pregnancy.

Sir Bernard deduced that she had belonged to the middle class, and had taken a great deal of care of herself. Her feet had been pedicured just before death. She took size 4½ in shoes. She had not followed any "arduous" occupation. All quite in the Sherlock Holmes manner.

How had she died? There was no trace of poison, no injury—unless the injury had been to her head. But there was no head.

Well, this was the problem: Who was she, who killed her, how to find him?

I can take you behind the scenes and show you, roughly, how the police work in such cases.

First they asked for the help of the public, for somebody who might know something, even for a suspicion. The

police would work on that.

A great dossier of missing women was compiled. The public got a shock to hear the number. There were twenty-four cases in Brighton alone.

Meanwhile, the finest detectives in Britain searched empty houses and flats along the Brighton coast. They hoped to find a clue, a drop of blood. They drew blank, very blank.

Mrs. Ford of Sheffield wrote that she had written the syllable "ford" on the brown paper found in the trunk. Her daughter had gone to London to seek work seven weeks previously and had used her maiden name, "Ford." And Mrs. Ford had written the word "ford" without a capital letter. The daughter had met a German girl who was now missing.

But the police found the German girl, and she knew nothing about the trunk.

Some time later the real writer of that syllable was discovered. He was an employee of a Leyton firm who made the trunk. But it was impossible to say to whom the trunk had been sold from the maker's firm.

Another "clue" was from a Hove woman, who described how a London girl named "Iris" had gone out one evening with a man and had never been seen since. But "Iris" was found by the police, safe and sound.

Detectives trudged through practically every Brighton street asking landladies and hotel-keepers if they remembered anybody buying a trunk, or if they had found traces of blood in their rooms, or if a girl had disappeared.

The police kept sweating on the job.

But a Hove fisherman found a cleft human skull on the beach. Rumour ran up to the skies that the problem was solved. It wasn't. The skull had been thrown out by a medical school.

Two knives were found in an ashbin. Were these the knives used to carve up the body? They were not. They had been thrown out by a housemaid as useless. And it was proved that the murderer had used a light saw.

Superintendent Wensley, formerly of Scotland Yard, suggested that the girl had been a prostitute, and that the crime had taken place in an empty house and the trunks had been taken away by a private car.

It was suggested elsewhere that the murderer had done the job of dismembering naked, so that no blood should fall on his clothing. Another suggestion was that the murder had taken place in a bath.

The police held to the belief that the crime had been committed where there was privacy. But where?

Somebody hinted that a Hove garden had been recently dug up. A squad of police descended on the garden and dug like fury. They delved for twelve hours. But all that resulted was somebody's next year's plants were mucked up.

After a month of search, inquiry, tracing of facts and theories, an anonymous letter from London, signed "Londoner," sent the police into another garden in vain.

Police conferences were held almost daily. In North London a garage proprietor was awakened at 4 a.m. one morning and his garage searched because a man had given "information" to Scotland Yard.

By the beginning of July one small fact was established. The trunk had been sold by a Brighton store, but the descrip-

tion of the purchaser was the vaguest.

A porter at London Bridge station remembered a man with a trunk arriving from Dartford and leaving for Brighton. A London newspaper offered £500 for the clue that was missing.

The police then appealed to doctors. Had any doctor anywhere in Britain memory of a woman who had come asking for pre-natal advice, and could these women be traced? A number of women who were expectant mothers had been found to have "disappeared." But the police traced every one. Indeed, the police traced practically every "missing" girl in Britain during that hunt.

Once more hope rose when it became known that in the trunk a tiny sea parasite had been found. It could only have been brought there by a seafaring man. This sent the police delving deep into shipping circles; but the parasite died, and so did the clue.

It was about this time, when most of the London detectives engaged had moved their families down to Brighton, and when officers were working 18 hours a day, that another trunk crime became known. But I want to keep that one separate, as it was separate.

The cost of the police work, of fast cars kept for dashing here and there, of telephones and telegrams, fares and general expenses, ran into thousands of pounds. Every week cost a thousand.

Trunk Crime No. 1 grew so big that the Brighton police station was too small to handle it. The Royal Pavilion was turned into G.H.Q. and suites of rooms were engaged at an hotel.

And they never found the head, the name of the victim, the murderer, or anything worth finding.

The perfect crime had been committed. It is still the greatest unsolved in criminal annals.

## AL MALE'S Sports Shorts

ALL at sea... the old lady who thought "ocean greyhounds" were sea-dogs.

COLOUR-BLIND... the billiards player who saw red every time his opponent potted his white.

"BOXING slump," runs a headline... Result of slumping boxers, no doubt.

STARTLING... the electric hare which gave the dogs a shock when run to earth.

"CAN'T meet the National Debt," as the bookie said when he welshed at Aintree.

SWANK... the darts player who told his friends he'd never missed a board-meeting of his club for years.

"I'VE made some great saves" as the retired goalie said when he scanned his bank balance.

"THAT was my best lap"... said the greyhound, licking his lips after supper.

"CUT that out, my lad," said the proud father when he saw a newspaper report of his son's first fight.



# 'The gang's at work again' QUIZ for today

HALF a mile or so along the Wilborough road Argent slowed his car. Salter slid into it almost before it had stopped. "Carry on, sir," he said curtly. Argent let in the clutch.

"Well, Salter, what do you want of me?" he asked.

Salter said, "More about this Marshall woman." He hesitated for a moment. "I was wondering if you would have dinner with me."

"Very nice of you, Salter. Yes, I can manage so long as you let me telephone home. Where do we dine?"

"The Beach Hotel, Shinglemouth."

"Ho, ho! But what about clothes, Salter? It's a devilish smart place, I've always heard."

"That's all right, sir. I was over there about a week ago. Lots of men don't change. We shan't be conspicuous."

"Well, you know best. Now, what about Nurse Marshall?"

Mr. Francis Salter extracted from Argent in the next half-hour a great deal about Nurse Marshall.

Argent spoke highly of her work in the earlier days, a hard woman, but firm, and one who could be relied upon to obey orders.

## WANGLING WORDS—187

- Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after TI, to make a word.
- Rearrange the letters of MAN POT THORN, to make a Midland town.
- Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: SNOW into COLD, WISH into WELL, WASPS into STING, WASH into FACE.
- How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from SANCTIMONIOUS?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 186

- ESCAPADES.
- KNARESBOROUGH.
- SLEEP, SHEEP, CHEEP, CHEAP, CHEAT, CHERT, CHART, CHARE, SHARE, SNARE, SNORE, MEAT, BEAT, BENT, DENT, DENS, DINS, DINE, FISH, FIST, FAST, LAST, LOST, LOSS, TOSS, TOWS, BOWS, BOWL, FOWL, COWS, BOWS, BOAS, BOAT, GOAT.
- Save, Vase, Pave, Pare, Reap, Pear, Sear, Rave, Rove, Rose, Sore, Roes, Rote, Tore, Rope, Pore, Past, Peas, Peat, Tape, Poet, Tope, Sort, Tors, etc.

Roast, Voter, Trove, Traps, Sport, Sprat, Ports, Strop, Raves, Orate, Prate, Pears, Vesta, etc.

## JANE



"I was well satisfied with her work, and I was glad enough to send her patients when she started that nursing home at Shinglemouth," he said. "But she began to deteriorate there. She made too much money at first, and it went to her head. She spent it like a fool and began neglecting her work—always going away for holidays."

"She was getting in with a rotten crowd, too. I saw some of them. They used to come ostensibly as patients, and they turned the place into a bear-garden—drink, cards, and heaven knows what else. I didn't enquire. But I broke with her, and told her why, and tried to give her some advice. Other doctors dropped her, too. The place went smash and she went bankrupt. I lost sight of her years ago."

"I see. Very illuminating," Salter said. "I shouldn't be surprised if this partnership with Charlton began there. You don't associate him with the place in any way, do you, doctor?"

Argent shook his head. "I don't recall the name, but I might the face."

"Maybe you'll get a sight of him some time," Salter said cryptically. "You'd know Marshall, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Would she know you?"

"Without doubt."

"Let's hope you don't meet, then."

They had run the car across the marshland and along a rough road that served the cluster of cottages that made Shinglemouth, until they came to its end in a waste of beach.

It was a good place in which to sit and talk, unnoticed and undisturbed. Salter finished his questioning and was glancing through the notes he had made. Argent, smoking and thinking by his side, suddenly realised that the gaunt villa that had been Nurse Marshall's nursing home had disappeared.

He commented on this. "I suppose they must have bought the place and pulled it down when they built the hotel," he said, and pointed out where it had stood.

Salter said, "That's not unimportant. You don't happen to know who owns the Beach, I suppose?"

"Haven't the least idea. I haven't set eyes on this place for getting on ten years."

Salter shuffled together his notes. "Well, I've got a strong feeling that my answer's there," he said, and nodded in the direction of the hotel.

"Do you mean that rogue Logan's there?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"And you think it was he who was blackmailing Miss Warren—not Charlton?"

"Same thing, and I'm sure of it. The same old gang's at the same old work again. But until I can find Logan I can't

make my next move. I've got to find him."

Salter was right. In the dining-room of the Beach Hotel there were half-a-dozen or more other men who had not changed into conventional black and white.

They were given a not very attractive table in an alcove near the door, but it suited them, for it gave an excellent view of everyone who entered or left the room, and they were not conspicuous. Salter chose the dinner.

The doctor was intensely interested in the company. "This place is even more unusual than I'd been led to believe," he said, after a first look round. "I could name you several people here. Incidentally, some of them know me. Does that matter?"

"Not a bit, sir. You live in the neighbourhood; why shouldn't you dine here?"

They had come to their meal late, and the room was beginning to empty before they were half through their own dinner. Once a man waved to Argent as he went out, once a woman looked at him, smiled nervously in recognition and hurried on. Salter noted both, but said nothing.

But the evening appeared not to be productive. Argent said so. Salter replied, "Plenty of time yet. I've spotted one man I hope you'll know when he comes out."

"Where?"

"Wait. You can't see him clearly from here. He's got someone with him I can't see. But I think they are going to make a move. Yes. This fellow coming along now. The tall, good-looking man like an actor. Don't say anything till he's—"

He broke off abruptly. "What's up, Salter?" Argent asked.

"Nothing, sir. Just a thought."

Argent chose his moment, raised his glass and his eyes with it. He saw a man, as Salter had said, suggesting an actor, with sleek, dark, grey-

## USELESS EUSTACE



"Hiyah, Nobby! — Dining out?"

ing hair, and an air of self-confidence. Neither he nor the woman with him was in dinner dress. They passed through the door into the wide lounge beyond.

"Know him?" Salter asked quietly.

"Afraid not."

"Pity. That's Charlton."

"Was it, by gad! Who was the woman?"

"I've just had a bit of good luck, doctor. I've been wondering about her. She used to work for Logan in the City. His secretary, a woman named Marks. She's the woman who's been dealing with my client, I'll bet a duffer. I always sus-

## The Lady in Number Four By Richard Keverne PART XV

pected it, though his description didn't quite tally. So they're all in it, and I'll swear Logan himself isn't a hundred miles away. Sorry you couldn't place Charlton. You're quite sure?"

Argent made no answer, and Salter looked up to see him staring towards the lounge. A dark, harassed-looking man in evening dress was speaking to the head waiter by the door.

Argent said softly, "I've spotted someone for you at last."

"Who?"

"That foreign-looking chap talking to the waiter. I know his face as well as I know yours, but I'm hanged if I can recall his name. He was a patient at the nursing home."

"Leone," Salter said.

"That's right. Leone. He

was manager of a restaurant in town. Nervous case. Insomnia and bad breakdown. He and Marshall became very friendly. She used to go up to his restaurant afterwards and he made a devil of a fuss of her. She used to boast about it. Leone, that's the name, Gulio Leone."

"He is manager of this hotel and supposed to be the owner."

"What? By gad, Salter, that's significant—"

"Very significant," Salter broke in. "Get on with your food, doctor; he's coming in."

Mr. Leone and his head waiter came just inside the door. They stood within a few yards of Argent and Salter, talking earnestly in voluble Italian. Argent went stolidly on with his meal. Salter refilled his glass and regarded the honey-coloured wine thoughtfully.

Leone was in the room for little more than a minute. When he had gone, Argent said: "Couldn't catch what they were saying, I suppose? Italian, wasn't it?"

Salter nodded.

"I got most of it," he said. "Leone apparently has a headache; he thinks it's the heat. He is going out in half an hour for a run in his car to take the air. It is probable that he may be late in returning and he wishes some paté sandwiches and a small bottle of champagne left in his room in case he feels like it when he comes in."

"Not very illuminating," Argent said.

"I'm not so sure of that," Salter responded. "I hate to rush a good dinner, but I think I'd like to know which way he's going. Do you mind?"

"Not a bit, Salter. We'll cut coffee and get off."

(To be continued)

## ODD CORNER

In 1860 an unknown hoaxer in London sent out hundreds of invitations to the "Washing of the White Lions" at the Tower of London. The official-looking cards warned visitors that admission to this little-known ceremony could only be obtained at the White Gate. A vast crowd of people turned up, only to discover that there is no White Gate at the Tower of London. Somebody noticed that the "Royal" seal on the cards had been done with a sixpence, and the resulting riot had to be dealt with by the police.

Zeno found it difficult to see how any object such as a stone, could exist without filling the whole universe. You can easily imagine a stone consisting of myriads of tiny atoms. You can, in your imagination, cut these atoms up till your stone appears to consist of an infinite number of infinitely tiny particles. Now start at the other end. You have an infinite number of infinitely tiny particles, but an infinite number of anything is without limit, and so your infinite number of particles would fill the universe—and overflow it (if you can imagine such a thing) for ever!

## CROSSWORD CORNER

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10			11					
12			13			14		
		15				16		
17	18				19		20	21
22					23	24		
				25	26			27
28	29	30		31			32	
33			34				35	
36					37	38		
39			40					

- CLUES ACROSS.
- Fruit.
  - Short distance.
  - Vehicle.
  - Spill.
  - Snout.
  - Move easily.
  - Tiny opening.
  - Number.
  - Come before.
  - Sheep.
  - Chats.
  - Collection.
  - Elephants.
  - Rugby forwards.
  - Notice.
  - Like.
  - Zuu.
  - Embossing stamp.
  - Good horsewoman.
  - Reckoning.
  - Utter.
  - Mixes.
- CLUES DOWN.
- Consent to receive.
  - Comrade.
  - Drive forward.
  - High Mountain.
  - Gave support.
  - Separate.
  - Artist's tablet.
  - Make amends.
  - Fresh.
  - Hit.
  - Biscuit.
  - Extract.
  - Garment triangle.
  - Lengthen.
  - America.
  - Is wet.
  - Shin guards.
  - Fishy title.
  - Family.
  - Vehicle.
  - Failure.
  - Supported by.

STAFF: DAVIT  
PULLEY NINE  
UNDUE JILTS  
REEK BALLET  
N REPEL ANY  
P SUGAR D  
DAM PIPED M  
ORIGIN MODE  
FINAL SONIA  
FACT CAVORT  
SHEEP PERTH



# BEELZEBUB JONES



# BELINDA



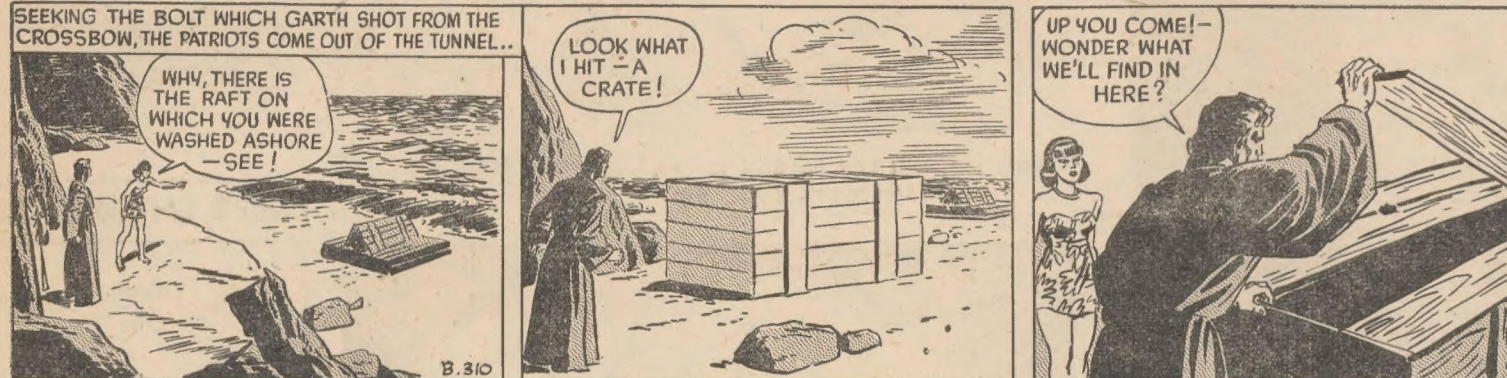
# POPEYE



# RUGGLES



# GARTH



# JUST JAKE



# CEREMONIOUS?

Here's Why

## SKELLIG ROPINGS

ALL the world loves a lover, but not if he remains a lover for long. Where courtship does not lead to marriage, the lover is a burden to his family and a bore to his friends.

It is a yearly custom along the coast of County Kerry to rope delinquent lovers together at Lent and send them to Skellig, a "holy island," a few miles from the mainland.

The lists of courting couples who ought to see the priest are published in Skellig the week-end before Lent.

With true Irish abandon, the gay boys dance the villages, blowing horns and whirling "Skellig ropes" to catch their victims.

It's a wild, serio-comic affair, this Lenten roping. You can see by the picture that the colleens are happy enough being shipped to Skellig!

The custom dates from mediaeval times.

The Pope—so tradition says—sent a Bull to Ireland which forbade marriages in the days between Ash Wednesday and Easter Sunday, and the Papal Legate read the message to all churches except one.

He failed to read it to the monks on Skellig Isle.



This was because a fierce storm was blowing between the island and the mainland. The Prelate saw the frail canvas-covered curragh in which he was expected to make the trip, and his courage wilted.

The Abbot of Skellig, when he heard of the Prelate's behaviour, said the monastery had been insulted.

He argued that since he had not been told officially of the ban, it could not come into operation in the tiny territory under his jurisdiction.

Marriages were solemnised for centuries on the island during the prohibited period.

Nowadays, this ancient breach of Papal discipline is remembered along the Kerry coast as an occasion for roping hesitant couples into the married state.

And who can say how much happiness may not have resulted? In Ireland custom dies hard, and this one will survive for many a year, we hope.

J. S. NEWCOMBE.

Solution to Hidden Animals in No. 231.

CHEETAH  
POLECAT  
RACCOON  
MUSKRAT  
BUFFALO  
GAZELLE  
GIRAFFE

Can you find some of the United States of America hidden here. They read across only, so see what you can sort out:—

ADENAV  
MYOGWNI  
KTCUKYEN  
NOSINWSIC  
RANMDLAY  
AALMABA  
SKAANS

(Answer in No. 233)



# Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"  
C/o Press Division,  
Admiralty,  
London, S.W.1.

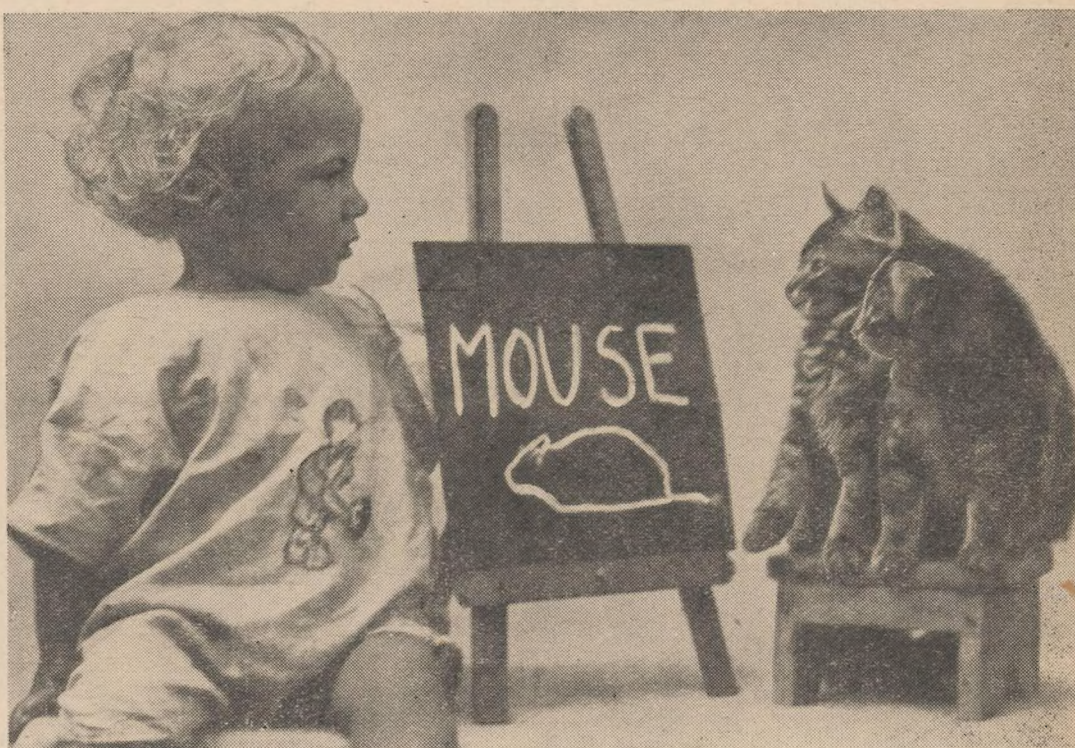
"Though I'm far from being a snob, I do think the fact that we are from the Royal stables should count in our favour."



## *This England*

Almost looks like fairyland, doesn't it? Actually a view of Chanctonbury Ring, South Downs.

HELP  
LEG—  
OH!



"Now do you see what I mean? If anything like this crosses your path — kill it."



"As I can't reach you anyway, I don't think I like the look of you at all."

### SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"Bowl-ed Out."

